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## HAIL, STAR OF SEA! BE THOU OUR GUIDE.

THE sun sends forth its last bright ray,  
With tremulous light it dies away;  
And o'er the sea fantastic fringed  
Small clouds with gold profusely tinged  
Bedeck the vast majestic dome,  
O'er ocean deep, King Neptune's home;  
Where oft he peers with watchful eye,  
For all his threats and vengeance fly.

The ocean lights come forth to list  
To music soft, of banks wave-kissed.  
The ethereal stream with countless lights  
Sends forth its rays from unknown heights,  
That glist as gold and silver sands,  
Where ocean streams with pearly strands  
Left bare their rich deposit lie.  
Thus gleams the galaxy on high.

A ship plows through the watery plain,  
With ghostly sail, with pond'rous main,  
The crested waves around it dance,  
And faces bright the scenes enhance.  
The sea-fogs pitch their misty tent  
On ocean's breast, there calm to stay  
Till morn the humid films has rent;  
Thus mirthfulness drives gloom away.

The haloed moon, like shaded lamp,  
Ascends her path already damp.  
But ere she parts through fogs and mist  
With pallid light the sea she kissed.  
Deep sleep had spread its cumbrous wing  
O'er ship and sea, and soft winds sing,  
Through masts and sails, thro' helm and spar,  
But loudly hiss from rocks afar.

Scarce is the midnight hour past  
When from the west there comes a blast.  
The fleecy clouds disperse as sheep,  
When wolves arouse them in their sleep.  
Ere long the pilot's watchful eye  
Discerns with fright in western sky  
Black clouds in shape as craggy rocks  
Thrown up by subterrean shocks.

St. Elmo's fire as lanterns bright  
Shone on the spars with glimmering light.  
The moon-lit sky is darkest night  
On sea, on ship, in dread affright.  
Like golden rafters high up hung  
Her lurid flames now upward swung,  
As to sustain the starry vault  
That soon is struck with mad assault.

A thundering war is heard from western banked up hills,  
 And o'er the the quivering plain it quakes as cannon boom.  
 The ship, the sea, the sky, as on the day of doom,  
 Grew black as jet, and fear each heart with shudder thrills.

Heaving, seething, onward rolling,  
 Billows bursting, thunder pealing,  
 Hidden sea bells death-knells tolling,  
 Frothing sea-foams high upsplashing,  
 Grinning sharks their white teeth gnashing,  
 Glaring streaks of vivid flashing,  
 Thus the storm came onward dashing.

The mountain surges onward broke  
 And struck the ship with powerful stroke,  
 And lashed her iron ribs with force  
 That threw her from her destined course.  
 The trumpet's blast will thus be heard,  
 When angels blow the final chord  
 With thund'ring, blust'ring, trumpet peals,  
 And ev'ry living being reels.

The elements in mad career,  
 As boiling caldrons seething, swell,  
 The deafening thunders far and near.  
 All seem to hear their funeral knell.  
 As hissing serpents quickly glide  
 And then in rubbish safely hide;  
 Thus lightnings cleave the troubled sky  
 And cast dire scenes on sea, on high.

But lo! amid the waves and storm  
 A suppliant voice is upward borne,  
 Thro' wind and cloud, o'er balanced spheres,  
 The Virgin mild with prayer reveres.  
 "Hail Star of Sea, be thou our Guide!"  
 [Is heard in soft beseeching breath.]  
 Be thou our hope in hour of death,  
 Seek not from us thy power to hide."

A maiden fair with heavenly look  
 Herself in trust to prayer betook,  
 And soft as fragrant zephyrs breathe  
 Through blooming trees on summer's eve.  
 She said her prayer with calm repose  
 And through the clouds it upward rose.  
 Her prayer is heard, the storm is o'er  
 Now dying on the eastern shore.

The morning sky again revealed  
 The rapturous scenes in storms concealed.  
 All crowd on deck with lightened hearts.  
 To see the storm as it departs.  
 Soft zephyrs sing the morning lays,  
 Aurora lifts her golden rays;  
 Now o'er the sea the dawning light  
 Emblazed the plain with colors bright.

But soon some longing eye discerned,  
 That oft for its dear home had yearned,  
 High towering spires on ocean's marge,  
 Now lingering fears all quick discharge.  
 But ere they leave ne'er more to meet,  
 They one and all together greet  
 The angelic maid that help them gave,  
 And saved them all from a watery grave.

Her tuneful voice once more she raised  
 As all on her with rapture gazed.

"If storm or fire, nay demons wild,  
 Surround you all, on ev'ry side,  
 Say but, as Mary's faithful child,  
 'Hail, Star of Sea! be Thou our Guide,  
 Be thou our hope in hour of death  
 Stay thou with us to our last breath.'"

Victor J. J. SCHARF, '97.





## EDGAR WEST JAMES.

It was a bright June morning in the year 1870. The sun had just peeped from behind the horizon, gentle zephyrs wafted the perfumes of many meadows, and the birds were twittering their joyful carols from every brier and bush.

In the opinion of two youthful minds never had the sun smiled so pleasantly, the breezes blown so gently, and the birds warbled so sweetly, for yesterday had been commencement day at St. Aquinas' College and Ralph James and Edgar Leighton had successfully stood the test which made them Bachelors; and amid the applause of friends, parents, professors, and clergy, the one had delivered the class poem, the other, the valedictory.

And now, diplomas in hand, both proudly walked in the early morning air to catch the train which would speed them to Fair Views. Soon they were busily engaged in listening to and telling each other's plans as the train dashed past villages and fields. Nor did they notice how quickly time fled, until aroused by the brakeman's shrill "Fair View."

As they stepped upon the platform they were immediately surrounded by by their former companions and mates. Having answered a small fraction of the questions thrown in from all sides they at length succeeded in reaching their respective homes.

For several weeks both enjoyed what is commonly known as a "high time" in each other's company. Gradually, however, these former bosom friends became mere acquaintances. The cause of this condition of affairs was for some time a matter of conjecture, till at last it became ap-

parent, that some person had interposed itself betwixt their affections.

It was the first day of Christmas week. The elements were preparing for another layer of snow. The air was filled with the jingling of sleigh-bells and the peals of laughter of the skaters on Pelican Pond. No one was merrier than Ralph James and Ilene West as they glided over the glossy surface, when unnoticed by them Edgar Leighton darted past, and as he did so he fancied that he heard his name pronounced in a tone of contempt. Bitterly he thought of a year ago when all was joy to him, of the approaching holiday when all but he should be merry, and in these reflections a desire of revenge seized him, but how should he avenge the insult offered him by Ralph James? On, on, he sped becoming forgetful of all around, when with a crash he fell into the icy waters. Madly he struggled, but in vain; he prayed, not for life, but for forgiveness. His strength was fast failing him and he shouted for help. He sank and as he arose he saw Ralph and Ilene nearing him; he shouted to warn them of their danger and sank again. Quick as a flash Ralph had thrown off his skates and plunged into the water, scarcely in time to grasp the arm of Edgar as he sank for the third time. Bravely Ralph endeavored to reach the ice, but he was fighting against great odds. Attracted by the screams of Ilene, a throng had already gathered about the broken surface. Several in the crowd had joined hands, so that the last might reach Ralph. As the two arose to the surface, Ralph succeeded in grasping the outstretched hand, and both were successfully drawn upon the ice.

Suddenly, however, the partly detached surface gave way beneath the burden and the rescued were again plunged into the cold deep.

During all this time Ilene stood as though riveted to the spot praying the prayers the good sisters had taught her; for although a Protestant, she had been raised in a convent school, where she acquired those lovely virtues and winning ways that caused her to be loved and envied by many. Faster she prayed and faster still in the agony of her mind she cried out. "O Mary, Mother of Christ, if thou wilt save Ralph, I vow to become one of thy Son's flock!" Her vow was answered, for the party succeeded in rescuing the two from another side where the ice was better. The danger was, however, not yet over; for both Ralph and Edgar were unconscious with exhaustion. They were soon brought to the house of Ilene where with some exertion they were sufficiently revived to permit their being removed to their respective homes: not, however, before Edgar had exposed his cowardly designs and begged the pardon of Ralph and Ilene.

Never had Ralph and Ilene been happier than on the Christmas morning of that year when they knelt before the Infant Savior, he, thankful for having been permitted to return good for evil; she, begging the Infant and His Mother to help her become a faithful sheep of the one true fold. As they knelt there in silent adoration, Edgar came to join his prayers with theirs. He prayed for forgiveness, and for having been spared from a watery grave. It was a merry Christmas for three hearts. \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas Eve in the year 1890 that Brother Edward slowly paced to and fro in his room at St. Aquinas' College. He wore a puzzled look, for he was indeed perplexed. At length he sat down and

again scanned a list of names. Yes, there in large boyish hand was the name, Edgar West James. He contracted his brows and wondered. "No, I mistake not, 'tis too singular a coincidence. Edgar West James. His, her own, and mine." He fell into a reverie; when a rap at his door followed by a sound of suppressed laughter aroused him from his musings, and to his usual "Come in," a throng of some fifteen merry, ruddy-faced boys walked in and without ceremony serenaded him with such a volley of class yells that the lamp upon the stand fairly shook, while the brother's canary unable to grasp the meaning of such unceremonious proceedings fluttered against the iron bars of his cage. The noise stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and in the name of all Edgar West James stepped forward and in a ringing boy-orator speech wished the good brother a "Merry, Merry Christmas." Having concluded, the brother thanked the lads and remarked that there were some boys still missing. At that moment West clapped his hands and the door flew open as Will Winkers and Earl Sanders slowly wheeled into the room a "bike" of the very latest make. Surprised as Brother Edward had already been he was now intensely amused, for he was "unused to such a visitor." It was one of those little scenes, the memory of which lingers with us long and serves to make our college days the happiest of our lives. Again he thanked them and slowly they departed. West was the last to bid him good by and was already leaving when Brother Edward bade him sit down. For a moment neither spoke. "West," ventured the brother as though speaking to himself, "what a pretty name, Edgar West James. Who gave you those pretty names? I suppose you cannot recall events that far in the past?" "No, not exactly; nevertheless, I know whence I received them." "Do you?" exclaimed the brother curiously. "Yes,



West, that was mama's name before she was married. Edgar was the name of a college friend of papa's, here at this very college. Papa saved him from drowning in Pelican Pond which is right near our house. He has several times attempted to find the whereabouts of his friend, but has thus far not succeeded, as his friend's parents had removed to New York, where papa has failed to locate them. I have often heard his name at home." "Why, there's romance connected with your name" exclaimed Brother Edward. Hearing the little onyx clock strike five and seeing that Edgar was growing restless he arose. "Edgar," he said, "I am going to Fair Views tonight and we may as well travel together."

"Hurrah!" shouted Edgar and he began to sing "O wont we have a jolly time!" when, recollecting himself, he blushed at his outburst of enthusiasm and contented himself by whirling around on one heel and nearly upsetting an ink well on the desk. By the time he had executed several other such manoeuvres, Brother Edward ventured to say, "We must soon be off, however." And off was West and back again all ready for the journey ere Brother Edward had slipped off his cassock and donned his coat.

Soon they were spinning towards Fair Views. Neither spoke; the one, too amused; the other, too puzzled. West wondered and racked his brain to discover a motive of the brother's going to Fair Views. "Brother," he asked, "have you any acquaintances at Fair Views?" "O yes," the brother laconically replied, hardly able to suppress a smile. Edgar was nettled more than ever. Tired of thinking he fell into a slumber and did not awake till Brother Edward tapped him on the shoulder telling him that they had reached Fair Views. In another instant they stood upon the platform and Edgar saw with satisfaction that he would "surprise them this

time." He turned to Brother Edward and asked, "You will come to our house for tonight, won't you brother?" "Yes, I may as well." Edgar started; he thought he heard the brother laugh, but as he looked at his face he saw by the dim gas-light only the customary smile.

They walked briskly, for the night was cold, and soon reached the bridge near Pelican Pond. Not knowing what else to say he told Brother Edward that yonder whence the shout of the skaters came his father had saved his friend "Yes, I re—" but Brother Edward checked himself and feigned not to hear Edgar's "What did you say, brother?"

They soon reached the gate of the James' yard. "Let's surprise them, brother," and they walked on tiptoe till they mounted the door-steps. Just then some one inside spoke. "Wonder if Edgar Leighton remembers that this is an anniversary." Edgar turned and whispered, "They're talking of that friend I told you of." He then pressed the button and chuckling to himself he waited till his father opened the door and then sprang into the hall.

A moment later another of those little scenes took place which only a college boy can imagine, but no one can describe. Edgar succeeded in extricating himself, but not without some difficulty. He was already going through the formula of introduction, when he was interrupted by Mrs. James. "It's Edgar Leighton!" Shame, Ralph! Shame! Don't you know your college friend?"

Edgar was stupified, he sat down being more puzzled than ever, when at last his face lit up and he shouted, "I understand it now. Then Brother Edward is Edgar Leighton?" Mrs. James could only say, "Well, Well, Well!"

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

## WILLIE'S FIRST STORY.

The familiar call of that little bell had just summoned to the study-hall the inmates of St. Aloysius' Academy, which is located in the vicinity of one of our largest cities in the east. Out doors the blustering north was fiercely howling; the snow, which was fast accumulating, drifted into masses of a picturesque appearance; the piercing cold bade defiance to every one venturing out of doors. Thus did the capricious tyrant Winter bereave the students of every sort of enjoyment in the open air; but the more snugly were they seated within their nicely heated hall with a fire lustily blazing in the two huge stoves. The more fiercely the elements raged, all the more energetic became the minds of the scholars.

It was during the last days of November, and the monthly examinations being again at the door, nearly everybody showed a more than ordinary diligence, in order to obtain a brilliant note, as a precursor to his home. Several of the students had also another object in view. A few days before the Rector had made them a proposal to enter into a competition for prize Christmas stories. The victor in each of the five classes was as usual to see his article printed in the "Hive," their monthly journal; and this year, to create a still greater enthusiasm, there was a prize, consisting of a handsome little book, connected with the honor. Most of the students soon made their decision. The most brilliant talents set to work with a will, each one feeling certain of victory, while the majority of the less gifted abandoned the project as utopian for their intellects. But there were a few who could not so easily come

to a satisfactory conclusion whether or not to enter the race.

To the latter class belonged Willie Bright. He was twelve years of age, the minimus in the Minims' Department, possessing bright talents, and beloved by all on account of the cheerful disposition and childlike innocence that shone forth from his beaming countenance. There were many students in his class who, had their diligence been equal to their abilities, might easily have outdone little Willie; nevertheless, that sense of honor, that peculiar kind of pride, cherished in the bosom of every true student, prompted him to take up the work; but other reasons again paralyzed his will. "If I, the smallest kid," he would argue, "should be successful, my classmates would envy me, and I might make enemies; if on the contrary, I should fail, they would ridicule my foolish attempts." Thus he was kept in suspense, till on the last of November the Rector once more made a few remarks, which aroused an honorable ambition in every youthful breast. Little Willie no longer hesitated what to do.

The compositions were due on the seventh of December; hence, there was but a short time left. Willie selected the subject of his story the very day, and before he retired that evening the introduction was on paper. Every evening during the coming week, he would steal away a few moments, to lay his cause at the feet of the Blessed Virgin; and on being asked where he spent that time, was wont to answer that he had been invoking his Muse. He continued his work with all the energy



that innocent ambition can offer. The possibility of failure was no longer able to check his will; nor was he at all affected by the taunts of one of his class-mates, who began to fear for his own success on perceiving that Willie was "in it" too.

The hero of Willie's story was a poor orphan boy, who, being mercilessly abandoned by his rich but niggardly uncle, was begging his sustenance on the streets of London, until on one Christmas eve a noble couple, who had a full purse and compassionate hearts, but no children, adopted him as their heir after having learned his deplorable condition and history. Little Willie succeeded well; for whatever the intellect wanted was fully supplied by his vivid imagination and magnanimous heart. When his work was complete, he read it over and over again, canceling, adding, changing, trimming, wherever he thought fit; and then on the seventh, he, as well as the other competitors, handed the fruit of strenuous efforts to the respective professors.

The results were to be announced only when the Christmas number of the "Hive" would make its appearance; namely, on the twenty-first of December. The fourteen days intervening were, it is needless to say, days of anxious expectation. Willie, above all, who otherwise thought time fled by like a train at full speed, now looked upon each day as upon a period of infinite duration. His vivid imagination, on the one hand, pictured to him in most dazzling colors the genuine joys and honors that would be his if he should come forth victorious; on the other hand, these sanguine expectations were somewhat lowered by the possibility if not even probability of being defeated in the noble strife. These feelings of mingled hope and fear he unconsciously betrayed by a certain flush on his rosy cheeks whenever he con-

versed with one of his class-mates, who, like himself, had ventured to reach out for the palm of victory.

At last the long-looked-for day had come. School leaving out that very day, the students for the last time assembled in the auditorium, where the names of the successful competitors would be announced and the prizes distributed. When all were present, the Rector stepped up to the table where the prizes were deposited. Willie's heart beat audibly. After pronouncing a few words of praise that so many had entered the noble competition, the Rector read the names of those that had borne away the palm of victor: Patrick McGeare, Henry Fuchs, Louis Fraicheur, Bernard VanBrook, and -- Willie Bright. The deafening applause which continued while the prizes were being distributed showed that the successful persons enjoyed the hearty good will of their fellow students.

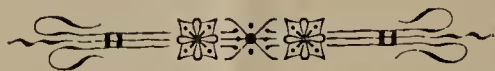
With what kind of feelings Willie's little heart now overflowed need not be told. He hastened to get ready for the next train anxious to surprise his parents with such unwonted news. At home he received the heartiest congratulations of his parents and numerous friends. During the entire Christmas tide Willie's company was courted by his many former school-mates and other acquaintances. But very soon that delicious time was past, and the day was at hand when Willie was to return to St. Aloysius. Nor was he loath to go and continue a strife where he had lately gained a glorious victory.

From this time forward Willie, having once ventured to step forth into the world of letters, was ever busy to sip the choicest juice from the flowers in the field of literature; and the honey thus prepared by this indefatigable bee was always sure to find its place in the "Hive."

Today our youthful hero is the idolized pastor of an exemplary congregation in the far west. Whenever Christmas comes around, he enters his parochial school, and, setting premiums on the best compositions, he stimulates his youthful learners to enter into similar competition like himself in days of yore. The little work "Ad astra per aspera," his premium, has always been dear to him; but dearer still he prizes that Christmas number of the "Hive" which contains his first thoughts offered to the intellectual world. Whenever anything

adverse crosses his path, he never fails to take up that cherished "Hive" and, glancing over its pages, all the sweet recollections of a student's life, all the familiar faces of dear companions and loving friends, but still more his own genuine joy on that long-looked-for twenty-first of December, appear once more before his mind; and as many times the cloud of adversity and trouble obscuring his stately brow vanishes before these delightful visions.

DIDACUS BRACKMANN, '98.



## THE PALE-FACED CHIEF.

It was on a bleak December day that a tribe of Huron Indians, with Bald-Eagle their chief, sat around the council fire devising new methods of surprising a peaceful little hamlet near the boundary of Canada. With their usual secrecy they soon afterwards neared the little village, which was quite unconscious of its impending doom.

In this village there lived a family, named Durmond, that had the pious custom to decorate a crib on the eve of Christmas, and at the first summons to rise and adore the new-born Babe like the Magi of old. It was just on the eve of the meditated attack that Louis Durmond, a youth of twelve summers, rose earlier than usual, for he was now an altar boy and had to serve the midnight mass. Repairing to the little family crib he prostrated himself before the Redeemer, and with his heart overflowing with gratitude for the mercy

shown to fallen man, he prayed with a fervor such as he had never experienced before. Then throwing a cloak over his shoulders he arose and left the house. He had not proceeded farther than a mile, when, emerging from the forest, he caught sight of strange figures looming in the distance, whom he soon recognized to be a body of Indians. Having heard his grandfather relate how the Indians once destroyed the place, he conjectured that they were not bent on any peaceful errand. With utmost speed he retraced his steps and arrived at home breathless with excitement. Having told his parents what he had seen, they embraced him, and, at once perceiving the impending danger, told him to warn the villagers, while they would make a hasty preparation for departure.

In an instant the village was in commotion; and it only required a few moments for the desertion. The reason of it was



that the village being close to a large river, they had their ships and canoes safely moored along the shore; and thus could easily convey their valuables to the ships. In the confusion that ensued in scrambling into the boats, Louis, who had returned home, in order to see whether his parents were there or not, was forgotten, and when he arrived at the shore no ships were to be seen. His first care was to seek a hiding-place, but the Indians, coming up suddenly, caught sight of him. Their ferocious screams echoed from rock to rock, while they rushed upon their prey, thinking that they had found the villagers at last. But what was their surprise and mortification, when they ascertained that their prey had eluded their grasp. With a yell that would have done honor to Satan and his host, they prepared to wreak their vengeance on the only remainder of the village. One of the most furious advanced with uplifted club, and was about to end the scene by crushing the boy's skull; but he was restrained by the chief who severely rebuked him for his hastiness, which had almost deprived them of the pleasure of seeing their victim writhe in agony.

Several ways of putting their prisoner to death were advised, but the one adopted was as follows: The victim should be placed against a tree with his feet securely bound, while the young striplings of the tribe, at a distance of a hundred yards, should exhibit their skill and proficiency in the use of the bow by coming as close as possible to his body without inflicting any wounds. His head was not bound to the tree, in order that they might enjoy the spectacle of seeing their victim's head move from side to side, to evade the messengers of death. But what was their surprise, when, instead of seeing him dodge, he remained perfectly immovable, never flinching, but constantly looking at them with his steel-grey eyes. Their surprise

changed into admiration, and they resolved to spare the boy and rear him in their camp.

They returned to their beloved hunting ground, humiliated at not having accomplished their purpose, but elated in having captured a pale-face, who was equal to them in courage, and who promised to be a mainstay in their tribe. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations; for, relinquishing all hope of ever finding his parents, Louis grew up amongst them, and he excelled all the rest in the sports which Indians are so fond of. He was their best councillor, marksman, rower, tracker, and in strength he was herculean, being a match for four of their best warriors. Having gained the esteem of all by his wise counsels and daring feats, he was appointed chief by the old men of the tribe, and acquired the appellation of the "Pale-Face Chief?"

Seventeen years are launched into oblivion since the desertion of the hamlet on the Ottawa, when a white man dressed in the garb of an Indian, is making his way through the forest in the death of winter. He seems to have traveled a long distance; for though we cannot help admiring his robust form, and stately tread, his eyes wander from side to side, as if he craved shelter for the approaching night. Calling all his strength into play, he trudges onward, still hoping to find shelter. He was not deceived; for, turning a sharp angle, a house neatly built and beautifully illumined, confronted his gaze. Knowing that he was near a settlement he approached cautiously and glanced through the open window. What a sight presented itself: There on an altar beautifully decorated reposed the Divine Infant; while near the crib knelt two apparently aged persons. The man's knees shook, a deadly pallor overspread his face, and without

a sigh, without a groan, the strong chief fell to the ground.

The pious adorers were his parents. For seventeen long years they had sorrowed for him, and they were now offering their prayers for the son they loved so well. With a strong effort he rose and prayed to God as fervently as on that day when he himself had knelt before that same crib. He entered and stood before them. Would they recognize their long-lost child under the uncouth appearance of the Indian chief? he asked himself. Yes, for exclaiming "My son, my son!" they fell into his arms. After the first transport of their joy had subsided, he related all that had taken place since their last meeting.

After spending some weeks with his parents among the scenes of his boyhood days he was anxious to return to the people for whom he had now formed an attachment and where he had already begun the noble mission of Christianizing and refining them. His parents, now advanced in age more by their gray hair and grief-stricken looks than by their number of years, were willing to leave the village, whither they returned after the sudden attack on that fatal Christmas night and where they now lived among comparative strangers, their old neighbors never having returned any more. Together with a Jesuit missionary, who had just left the village but was timely recalled, the parents undertook the task of accompanying their dearest and only son to his beloved people and mission.

The poor natives hailed the return of their revered chief with his parents and the representative of the Great Spirit with

untold delight and in every possible way endeavored to make amends for the grief which the old men of the tribe had years ago inflicted upon the parents of their present chief. With childlike care and affection they provided for their wants and each Indian endeavored to please them by some kind act. The last days of the good couple were so full of joy that even the remembrance of all their former sorrows seemed sweet to them. They completely won the hearts of the Indian children and their mothers by a love and affection such as these poor creatures had never known before. Thus they assisted the missionary in curbing and softening the men, who for the first time shed tears when both father and mother were soon afterwards laid to rest. Their son did not long survive them. He sank beneath the weight of his many labors which, along with those of the missionary had transformed a herd of savages into brave and noble men. His life was fast ebbing away. One afternoon he asked to be carried out of his cottage and placed under a large tree, the leaves of which were falling upon his couch. There beneath the canopy of heaven, with the good missionary at his side, he received the last tributes of love from his sorrowing Indians. With an almost superhuman effort he raised himself from his couch and looked around; a tear glistened in his eyes, and a loud sob broke the awful silence. Louis Durmond was dead. The sun broke through the clouds and gazed upon the scene, but suddenly, as if mourning the death of a benefactor of the aborigines, he recalled his last rays and departed beyond the western sky.

GUSTAVE P. DIDIER, '99.





## ST. AGNES.

On the stone floor knelt a maiden  
 'Midst the frowning prison walls,  
 But her soul communed in Heaven  
 Where she heard angelic calls.  
 Through the window grating whispered  
 Vernal zephyrs sweet and mild,  
 And a ray of rosy morning  
 Kissed the visage of the child.  
 Kissed the visage pure and holy,  
 Radiant with celestial pleasure,  
 As she prayed absorbed in Jesus,  
 In this world her only treasure.  
 In this world her only solace,  
 All her strength in deadly strife;  
 Lovingly she was determined  
 For His sake to give her life.  
 For His sake to suffer torments.  
 Ah! the thought of holy fight  
 Which would lead the way to Jesus  
 Made her tremble with delight.  
 With delight she heard approaching  
 Footsteps and a soldier's voice,  
 And the heavy gates of prison  
 Opened with a jarring noise.  
 Opened and a giant figure  
 With barbarous mien exacting fear,  
 Clad in glittering Roman armor  
 On the threshold did appear.  
 Did appear to lead the maiden  
 To the scene of death and pains;  
 Quick her hands she smiling offered  
 Glad to wear the cruel chains.  
 Glad to be like unto Jesus.  
 Her desire was increased  
 When she felt the cruel shackles,  
 Bracelets for her wedding-feast.  
 "For my wedding feast," she whispered,  
 And a thrill of joy divine  
 Made her call in quivering accents  
 "Jesus, Jesus, I am Thine!"  
 "I am Thine, do not forsake me,  
 In woe and sorrow aid Thy bride;  
 Let to day Thy name Almighty  
 Through a child be glorified."  
 Glorified appeared her visage  
 While her heart now faster beat  
 And out run her surly leader  
 Out through Rome's historic street.  
 Through the streets in shameful fetters,  
 Scoffed by a plebeian mob;

Like unto her spouse and master,  
 Agnes uttered not a sob.  
 Gentle, fragrant morning-zephyrs  
 Strew the way with blossoms fair.  
 From the trees the birds all chanted,  
 Chanted forth her bridal air.  
 Thus 'mid shouts of men inhuman  
 And 'mid songs of birds humane,  
 She at last reached the tribunal,  
 There to honor Jesus' name.  
 Seated on his purple cushion  
 Sat the prefect of the city,  
 With a mien, betraying clearly  
 That his heart is strange to pity.  
 Smiling he addressed the maiden  
 With fulsome praise and threats severe,  
 O'er his pale and cruel features  
 Passed a tempting demon's sneer.  
 With vain honors, riches, pleasures,  
 He would now fain tempt her thoughts,  
 That the incense she might offer,  
 Offer to the idol-gods.  
 But vain honors, riches, pleasures,  
 All were on the virgin lost.  
 Scornfully the incense vessel  
 Down into the dust she tossed.  
 Then the judge enraged and furious  
 Sentenced her to instant death;  
 "Let the sword of justice," cried he,  
 "Free us from her poisoned breath."  
 Calmly on the marble pavement  
 Agnes knelt enrapt in bliss;  
 On her face the sun imprinted,  
 A tender last departing kiss.  
 Flashing came the sword descending  
 'Mid the vulgar mobbish yell;  
 Stem and flower cruelly severed,  
 On the blushing marble fell.  
 Beastly Romans! Beastly people!  
 At your deed the weapon blushed  
 E'en the birds possess more feeling.  
 Hark! Their warbling songs are hushed.  
 Lo! the laurel blossoms fragrant  
 Strewn by sympathizing airs  
 Covered up the sainted relics  
 From polluting, vulgar stares.  
 List! What voices now commingling  
 Such as souls in Heaven raise.  
 Angels are conducting Agnes  
 To her Spouse's sweet embrace.

GERMAIN C. HEIMBURGER, '97.

## THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

During the Scholastic Year by the Students.  
OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

Collegeville, P. O. - - Ind.

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☞ All remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be thus addressed; ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, Collegeville, P. O., Ind.

☞ The object of this paper is not to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary college journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students, in the interest of the students, and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the COLLEGIAN from students' parents and friends, who cannot but take a lively concern in the general advancement of those dear to them at college.

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## EDITORIAL.

In presenting this early issue of the Collegian we joyfully offer our Christmas and New Year greetings to students, friends, and subscribers. May your joys be like those of the good shepherds on Christmas night.

Although the duty of writing the Collegian rests mainly with the two highest

classes at college, these do not claim the exclusive right of contributing to the students' paper. Meritorious articles from numbers of the lower classes have appeared frequently in our columns, still it is a comparatively more difficult task for them to write something suitable for publication. This month equal advantages have been held out to all. It requires but little knowledge and no great creative or imaginative powers to write a Christmas story; one need not be an adept in the philosophy of life, and may yet be able to endow the characters of his Christmas story with the reality and charm of life. While we are pleased to say that most of the students have availed themselves of these advantages and entered into the competition for the prizes we offered for the three best Christmas stories, we regret to mention that no story written by a member of the class of '97 has come to our notice.

The quiet yet blissful holidays assuage the aching head of the student and calm his otherwise restless mind. But ere he departs for the homes of joy and rest he does not omit to ask himself whether he is deserving of a vacation; he kindly recalls too, the labors of his professors and compares their eagerness to impart knowledge with his endeavors to acquire it. Many will find that their exertions are not equal to those of their instructors; but there ought to be none whose application has not merited for themselves the enjoyment of vacation. We add with pride and pleasure that at no time in the history of our college were there such studious habits observable among the students as during this first school term. We do not know what pleasures are all in store for us, but our meeting with some of last year's graduates will constitute one of them. St. Joseph's is proud of her alumni and we for that reason deem it an honor to meet them.



## LITERARY NOTES.

One of the most interesting books of the season and in point of genuine worth the best, is "A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists" lately published by the Benzigers. The volume comprises the bibliographies and biographies with portraits of all the prominent writers whose names are associated with what has been called "the new school of Catholic fiction;" and to these sketches are appended short stories written expressly for the work or culled from the author's writings as they have appeared elsewhere in book-form or in the pages of our leading periodicals. The stories are all entertaining and may be said to afford a good idea of their respective authors' styles and of the places they are entitled to hold among modern writers of fiction. Had the book nothing else to recommend it, this last point would be enough to make us feel safe in predicting an extensive circulation, as it will certainly find much favor among students and readers of Catholic literature. It was compiled as one of the series of Catholic novels by American authors that the publishers have produced during the past few months, a step by which they hope to supply the demand for novels dealing with our own time and people; and thereby to supplant the translations from the German and French that we have been compelled to accept for want of any thing of our own. The series as first announced is now complete; but we trust the reception tendered will be encouraging enough to warrant its continuance. This book would be an excellent Christmas gift for a friend.

"Passing Shadows" by Anthony Yorke, the last book of the series, is equal to any

of the preceding. The scene of the novel is laid in New York, and the characters, the principal ones, are taken from the class forming the great majority of our people: those in the middle station of life who by their daily work are enabled to live in comparative comfort without becoming acquainted with the worry and cares as well as the indolent manners and occupations which are said to make up the existence of their wealthier neighbors. As a matter of course the plot is based on love, and the denouement comprises the recital of the hopes, the disappointments, and all the minor incidents that occur in its pursuance, without, however, stooping to the sentimentality which is too frequent in the fiction of today. Contrary to the established order of things, or rather custom, it is Gabrielle who is first wounded by the arrows of the fabled god; though she must needs conceal her feelings till Jack Fulton is made to share them and to take the initiative step; which after a most provoking delay he is suddenly impelled to do. The appearance of Horace Bryce, in the meantime, causes us to wonder for a while what the final outcome will be; but it soon becomes apparent that "Gay" is not disposed to allow her impatience over the seeming want of affection in the one whom she admires, to induce her to give her hand to him who first seeks it. Agnes Crystal and Clara Harkins, aspirants to the sisterhood, are beautiful types of young women to be found in every parish; and Mrs. Crystal, worrying over the impending dispersion of her little family, is a mother whom every one knows. The other characters are also well portrayed, and with liveliness and incident of plot, make the book well worth the perusal.

Those who are familiar with the literary acumen of Christian Reed will be glad to learn that "A Woman of Fortune" which

appeared several years ago as a serial in the sparkling columns of the *Ave Maria*, is now presented to the reading public in handsome book-form. This novel does not possess the deep intricacy of plot that characterizes the other writings of its eminent author, but in interest and literary merit numbers among the best in her *repertoire*. Cecil Lorimer, the heroine, is a young lady of rare beauty, who, on the death of her parents, falls heir to an immense fortune. In our first conception we depict her as a proud, high-spirited and sensitive person; but as the story progresses the atmosphere of independence and self-reliance in which she roves, soon dispels this idea, and our admiration of her is increased on every page we turn. In the meeting with Mr. Tyrconnel on the ship while voyaging across the Atlantic, the author delineates one of the most interesting characters in contemporaneous fiction. The scenes deftly change between America and Europe, and acquaint the reader with the life and society of the two worlds. The diction is easy, the description vivid, the wit smooth, and the pathos touching. There is a trend of moral instruction throughout the entire work, yet aptly introduced without marring the exquisite harmony of the story, and in a manner fascinating to the most fastidious novel reader.

All the above books may be obtained of the publishers, Benziger Brothers, New York, at the following prices: A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists, \$1.50; A Woman of Fortune, By Christian Reed, \$1.25; Passing Shadows, By Anthony York, \$1.25. Prayer, the Great means of obtaining Salvation and all the Graces which we desire of God, By St. Alphonsus Ligouri. Cloth \$.50.

## EXCHANGES.

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In her last incursion into the realm of criticism the exchange editor of the *Mt. St. Mary's Record* apparently launched her "curious ship" in a rather piquant mood or resentment and it glided into our harbor laden with tirades concerning some of the most prominent college journals. We could almost see the ex-men of these ob-jurgated journals wince under the hail-storm of philippics. We, too, are incidentally indicted for name trover. We should like to inform our vivacious friend that when we named our college paper we were not aware of a current college organ entitled the *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*. Let us suppose, however, we should have been pleased to call our paper the *St. Joseph's Record*. What then? Why, we should then have the *St. Mary's Record*, the *St. Joseph's Record*, and the *St. John's Record* (published at Collegeville, Minn.)—Would this not be beautiful?

At first sight we scarcely recognized our neighbor and *confrere* the *Viatorian*. But soon we found it to be the form of an attractive Christmas number in which it differs from the previous issues. The quality of its stories and charming verses incident to this happy season demands praise and recognition. The authors might well have inserted their full names in lieu of the initials. Besides the lucid text, the journal is materially enhanced by pictorial illustrations.

For the first time in this scholastic year, the *Holy Ghost College Bulletin* has again entered our *sanctum*. Its tardiness, however, debars us from giving a thorough review of its contents; but a cursory glance satisfies us that it is packed with information of no mean value and interest.

I. Z.



## SOCIETIES.

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*Marian Sodality.*—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception some thirty students were received into the sodality. The officers chosen by the Rev. Director and Prefects were: Sec. D. Brackman; Consultants; E. Kuenle, W. Hordeman, T. McLoughlin, H. Kalvelage, J. Bœke, S. Kuhnmuench, V. Krull, R. Theis, V. Schuette, and Z. Yaeckle.

*Aloysian.*—Tuesday, the Immaculate Conception, the Aloysians gave a literary entertainment worthy of unstinted praise from a most conservative critic. This programme developed the fact that several of the new arrivals are diamonds in the rough. Master Kiely, in particular, distinguished himself by his exact delivery of an argument asserting the rights of down-trodden boyhood, and Master Kalvelage's recitation was also handled with proper pathos and modulation.

*Military.*—For various reasons, Maj. Eberle has transferred, *pro tem.*, the onerous duties of his office to *Aide-de-camp* Kuenle. After a period of unprecedented success, a few drills were dropped; but regular drill was resumed two weeks before the holidays.

*C. L. S.*—The programme intended for Thanksgiving was given on Nov. 29. The principal feature was a debate; Resolved, that fictitious literature is more beneficial than injurious to the reader. Messrs. Sullivan and Seroczynski took an affirmative view; while Messrs. Hartjens and Koch pinned their faith on the negative side of the question, and succeeded in persuading two of the judges to a like belief.

Sunday, Dec. 13, the junior members of the society presented "The Test of Truth," a melodrama in two acts. Mr. Roth, as the beneficent and trusting uncle was a pro-

nounced success. Mr. Hordeman's impersonation of the Major was good. Mr. Sauer, in the *role* of Algernon, a dashing devotee of fashion, frivolity, and fortune, had an abundance of inherent "dash," the effect of which was greatly lessened by his poor pronunciation. The lines of Chizzle, a cool and calculating lawyer, were cleverly and exceedingly well spoken by Mr. A. Cook, and every body was highly pleased by Mr. McLoughlin, whose blandness and serenity of temperament were never disturbed. President Connelly's inaugural was a comprehensive dissertation on the drama. His plea for this branch of literature was an able one, and it contained many instructive points that should be taken to heart by the members of the society.

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## PERSONALS.

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Rev. P. J. Crosson, Crawfordsville, Ind., spent Dec. 3d, with us.

Father Stanislaus conducted the Sunday services at Marion, Ind., during the past month.

Mrs. E. P. Hammond and daughter Nina gave us a short call the last of November.

Joseph and Nicholas Keilman received a visit from their mother during the early part of December.

Rev. Martin Dentinger, C. PP. S., Maria Stein, Ohio, spent Dec. 9th at Collegeville.

Masters Charles Reifers and Phil McCauley of Lafayette, Ind., made a visit to the former's brother, Mr. John Reifers, who is taking the commercial course at this place.

The entire faculty of the Rensselaer High School did justice to the beautiful weather on Dec. 8th by taking a stroll to Collegeville, where they visited the various buildings and apartments of the College assisted by Father Maximilian and Mr. Daniels. Rensselaer

possesses a corps of earnest and efficient instructors that will always be welcome at St. Joseph's.

We are in receipt of a communication from Father Godfrey. The letter is dated at Albano, Italy, where he is now recuperating. The kind hospitality of the Fathers C. PP. S., the pure atmosphere, and the bracing climate of old Latium, will, no doubt, enable him to resume his missionary labors after his return to this country. He regrets to notice in the Nov. number of The Collegian that the reporter styles him "Very Rev." and that he is made a Consultor of the American Province.

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### THE MINUTE-MEN.

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Ev'ry morning just at five  
 We know that Tedy is alive,  
 For then that dreadful bell he rings,  
 To call us out of bed, poor things.  
 Few hear this bell's first gentle tapping,  
 For most with pleasure still are napping.  
 We are among this happy number,  
 Who spend more time each week in slumber.  
 Ten after five again we wake  
 And look around a view to take,  
 To see if it's very late:  
 Each neighbor's bed reveals a mate.  
 But just as we our eyes have closed  
 And think to rise we're not disposed,  
 We hear steps approaching near;  
 Ah, there! behold the prefect dear.  
 To us the daily song he sings  
 About you everlasting sleepy things.  
 But ere he leaves the snoring hall  
 He quickly visits every stall.  
 The prefect gone, observe the fun;  
 For, quickly rising, we do run  
 To wash our face and comb our hair,  
 And down the stairs we fly for prayer

If life is but a constant fight,  
 We beg, dear Santa, that we might  
 Lie in reserve in future then,  
 And call ourselves the Minute-men.

"CURLY."

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### LOCALS.

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Merry Christmas!

Christmas stories for sale at Collegian office.

Who said a line has neither wit nor breath?

Kiely wonders why Latin feminine nouns should end in *tricks*.

The imperative of possum is *pota, potato*; —Snyder's Edition.

Laughing gas a sure cure for holiday blues, for sale at classroom No. 5.

Of the different kinds of water wheels, the brest shot is the most effective. *Munchener Anzeiger*.

Tales adulatores assis non faciunt. Following is Pat's translation: not even asses esteem such flatterers.

If you travel in unknown or curious places be sure to take a macaroni with you. From "My trip in Europe, A. D. '95."

Let us not make any risks, boys, by returning late to College after holidays, and thereby forfeit honors already merited.

C. Didier being called upon to delineate the character of Charlemagne, did so in the following words: "Il etais Francais."

No special disadvantages were connected with my accident, says Alex, except that the Hellenic Muse made her escape from the open wound.

Following are the words of Berney, when requested to briefly repeat the essence of a previous class on "Paradise Lost:" We left the demons in the Pandemonium and were just about to follow them — —?



Some one has said that Xenophon was written on the principle "Repetitio est mater sapientiae." It would be well to study him on that score.

Having only twenty-six letters at your disposal, you can't expect a fellow to write any thing of great extent without much repetition. "Codex Faustinianus."

At the recent banquet given by the College Battalion, "Reub" refused to accept any oysters, saying he would rather wait for the toasts which he heard would soon be given.

Who was that loquacious gentleman at the College the other day? Why, that was the Mutual Life Insurance agent from Chicago. He had heard that we opened a chemical laboratory.

Kuehnle: "Say, Stonewall, what makes you wear a base-ball glove on each hand?" Stonewall (exhibiting his hands): "Why, them's no gloves. I just quit playing hand-ball."

At times Engesser looks for his pin cushion with seeming great concern. There is a peculiarity about him, however, which the boys cannot well understand, and that is he keeps this cushion on his chair.

Thoughts of vacation every where abound. "Vacation is coming," is the joyful sound.

Some think that going home will be delight;

Those who remain assert with all their might  
That the joys of those who go, the soonest will  
be over

While they who stay are constantly in clover.

Please, tell me who is wrong and who is  
right,

And then more poetry will come to light.

MAJOR.

Berney and Bruder Bill after much consulting of time-tables, maps, etc., plucked sufficient courage to venture into the Rev. Rector's room to inform him of their wish to take the Rensselaer-Collegeville Suburban Lines. They succeeded in obtaining rates; nevertheless, both footed it.

Thus far the season has been remarkably favorable to the health of the students, enabling them to take ample physical exercise, which is usually neglected during a rigorous winter season. The students of St. Joseph's are this year having greater variety in their outdoor sports than ever before.

The big John Bull engine employed to eradicate the deeply rooted hedge-fence near the college, was for a few days a subject of great interest to the students of natural philosophy. While viewing the immense heap of roots, the brewer's son of Lafayette was wont to exclaim: "Wont we drink root-beer this winter, hey Cholly!"

Oh: how happy we all be

Ree, Rah, Ree

Santa Claus to welcome thee

At S. J. C.

Fill the stockings o'er our beds

Hurrah, Hurrah,

While we peep with covered heads

Rah, Ree, Rah.

Bring me a tool box and a saw

St. Joseph's Rah:

Some sweet gums bring, and a gewgaw

Rah, Rah, Rah.

The third class in Greek has of late attacked the famous "paideuo." All admit that the rehearsal of a Greek verb is an excellent aid to elocution, or as Roth says, to bring one's jaws under control. Some of the class are introducing the custom of using the most difficult forms as frequent ejaculatory exclamations.

The C. L. S. has recently added to its Columbian library some forty volumes, including works of fiction, poetry, essays, and biographies. The Columbian room is, unquestionably, the coziest and most inviting spot in the college. During free hours it becomes the headquarters of literary and political gossip, and in this respect resembles the famous tea and coffee-houses of old England.

The frequented grove south-west of the college has at last received the title of Lyceum, which it merited in the strict Aristotelean sense; for there is scarcely an hour during time of recreation, when some one eschewing merry sport is not gravely pacing beneath the sturdy oaks revolving in his cranium all possible and impossible theories. Our poets, too, claim that there the Muses are most favorable, for "Ta tes Muses alse hiera estin."

We are pleased to hear of Mr. Robert Meyer '92, our good prefect in days gone by, that he is in every way satisfied at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O., "his old home." He informs us that for some time past he has in vain been searching for the "philosopher's stone." We would advise our friend not to give up hopes, but continue the search with renewed eagerness; the treasure must at last reveal itself, and then, "O ter quaterque beate!"

Since the completion of the new hand-ball alley, this new game has taken precedence over all other sports about the college. The boys believe it to be genuine American sport, and it is really demonstrated by a number of purple-margined eyes, possessed by Horde-man and Crusey. The Major whose invincible spirit prompts him to push a good thing along whenever he sees it, has pushed the ball so much that his hands have swollen to an extent that he is unable to pocket them.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was a day solemnly observed at the college. It was doubly impressive because the Marian Sodality had chosen this feast for the installment of her new members. The students received Holy Communion from the hands of the Spiritual Director at the six o'clock mass. At eight o'clock solemn high mass was celebrated. Father Maximilian officiated, assisted by Fathers Eugene and Mark as deacon and subdeacon, and Father Bonaventure as master of ceremonies. Father Eugene preached a beautiful sermon on this occa-

sion. At the evening services the rosary was said and twelve of the members arrayed in surplices led the prayers. The music and singing on this occasion was extraordinarily good.

#### WASTE BASKET.

To the corner  
With a murmur  
Walked a student angry looking  
Oh! that poem  
Was not known  
Said he when he was returning.  
  
Blushing deeply  
Sighing meekly,  
Came his neighbor with cheeks burning;  
Sixty-seven  
Per cent, oh, heaven!  
Said he when he was returning.

"SEPP."

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#### ALOYSIAN LOCALS.

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Hand-ball. Tally-up!  
All out for Tipton and Hurley.  
Of course, it was Mr. Nobody who broke the study-hall window.  
Fralich and McNeil had friends; but the turkey did not have any.

Before Panther entered the sacred walls of St. Joseph's, he visited a show in his native city Lafayette. He with a companion of his were looking at the different animals, when presently they came to the cage of the leopard. It being the first time he had ever seen such an animal he got afraid and cried out: "Say, just look at that big lion with the small-box!"

On the evening of the 18th. ult. the S. L. G. did well; but it takes the Waltz Cadets to carry the honors off the field. Success to W. C.

Our Reverend Spiritual Director has be-



gun a class of Parliamentary law in our society. Although we are as yet not able to "make motions," "rise to a point of order" and the like, as our able brethren the Columbians; yet we are determined to do so in the future.

the supervision of Father Bonaventure,

Aloysians were preparing for a program which they happily delivered the evening of the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The program was as follows:

Music ..... College Orchestra.  
Recitation. Ted's Invention, . N. Keilmann.  
Declamation. Boys' Rights, ..... C. Kiely.  
Poem. An Orphan Boy's Tale, .....  
..... H. Kalvelage.  
Reading of the "Aloysian," .....  
..... Eug. Schweitzer.

#### MUSIC.

Comical debate: Resolved, that the horse is a greater benefactor to man than the whale is.  
J. Finske. Chairman. R. Peelle. Secretary.  
Affirmative. .... Debaters. .... Negative.  
T. Thienes. G. Diefenbach  
D. Rohrkemper. G. Aug.  
W. Laibe. J. Keilmann,

#### AFTERPIECE.

Quarrelsome Servants Farce in one act.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mr. Jenkins. .... J. Hatfield.  
Jeremiah Buttercup. .... Eug. Schweitzer.  
Billie Boot-top. .... H. Hoerstman.  
Music. .... Piano and Violin Duet.

The Aloysians desire to express a vote of thanks to the Rev. Philemon Notheis, C. PP. S. of Frank, Ohio, for his kindness to present them with the following books: "Life of St. Aloysius;" "How To Get On;" "The Prairie Boy;" and "Red Carl." We are likewise indebted to Rev. Chrysostom Hummer for a beautiful book, "Our Beacon Lights;" as also to Mrs. C. C. Hatfield of Indpl's Ind., for two handsome volumes, "The Scottish Chiefs," and "Silver Skates."

The Aloysians are also very thankful to Mrs. Hammond, Lafayette, Ind., for her re-

cent neat collection to start our museum. We shall always remember our kind benefactors.

Rev. Father Stanislas lately attended one of our society meetings, and we duly appreciated his words of encouragement.

John Morris at the banquet to the waiter: "Give me some of them sweet things please." He meant the oysters.

Van Vlandren's brief history of a Trapper. A trapper has to undergo many dangers in his trappings and other pursuits. For instance if he shoots a bear and does not hit him. You may know what follows. Of course Trapper is a fine shot. "Nit."

On Thanksgiving I dare say we had the best enjoyment which the college could afford. Mr. Turkey was present at the roll-call; but he was not long in existence and cranberry sauce aided in his digestion. In the evening the St. J. C. B. gave a banquet for the benefit of Mr. Turkey, at which the Faculty and students attended.

Master Joseph Finske has the honor to be the latest happy acquisition to the members of the A. L. S.

E. J. SCHWEITZER,  
Editor and Librarian.

## CLASS HONORS.

The following students have merited honorable distinction by attaining the highest percentage in their respective classes during the month of November.

#### NORMAL COURSE.

Grammar, — J. Bøeke, H. Reichert.  
Geography, — J. Bøeke.  
Physiology, — H. Reichert.  
Psychology, — J. Bøeke.  
U. S. History, — J. Bøeke.  
Civil Government, — T. McLoughlin, J. Steinbrunner.

Music,—J. Steinbrunner.

#### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Penmanship,—E. Schweitzer, J. Reifers.

Book-Keeping,—T. Thienes, E. Keily.

Book-Keeping and Commercial Law,

Class I.—C. Crusey.

Class II.—T. McLoughlin.

Class III.—J. Engesser, C. Didier.

Music,—J. Reifers.

#### CLASSICAL COURSE.

Latin II.—S. Hartman, B. Staiert.

“ III.—W. Hørdeman.

“ IV.—V. Schuette, T. Travers.

“ V.—T. Brackman, D. Brackman,  
V. Kroll.

Latin VI.—S. Kuhnmuensch.

Greek I.—V. Schuette.

“ II.—D. Brackman.

“ III.—J. Connelly, S. Kuhnmuensch.

English Grammar I.—R. Monin.

“ “ II.—D. Neuschwanger  
T. Kramer.

Grammar and Rhetoric,—G. Didier, P.  
Kanney.

Rhetoric and Literature,—F. Seroczynski.

Poetry and Literature,—I. Zircher, A.  
Reister.

German I.—J. Burke, B. Maloy, R. Mo-  
nin.

German II. T. Travers, W. Ley.

“ III.—F. Seroczynski.

“ IV.—Z. Yæckle, E. Hefe.

“ V.—V. Schuette, P. Staiert.

French I.—D. Brackman, E. Deininger.

“ II.—G. Hartjens, S. Kuhnmuensch.

Religion I.—J. Morris, J. Reifers.

“ II.—E. Schweitzer, Z. Yæckle.

“ III.—W. Hørdeman, T. Sauer,  
G. Missler.

Religion IV.—J. Connelly, S. Kuhn-  
muensch, G. Hartjens, A. Reister, D. Brack-  
man.

Bible History I.—R. Peele.

“ “ II.—H. Horstman.

Geography I.—C. Rohrkemper.

“ II.—H. Seiferle, D. Neu-  
schwanger, C. Mohr, Z. Yæckle.

U. S. History,—T. Kramer.

Modern History,—T. Brackman, T. Trav-  
ers.

Arithmetic I.—H. Brackman.

“ II.—S. Hartman.

“ III.—C. Crusey, E. Ley, H.  
Reichert, J. Steinbrunner.

Arithmetic IV.—J. Bøecke, T. McLoughlin  
V. Schuette, J. Engesser.

Algebra I.—H. Luke, T. Kramer, S.  
Meyer, L. Linz.

Algebra II.—W. Hordeman, V. Schuette  
P. Kanney, J. Engesser.

Algebra III.—D. Brackman.

Geometry I.—J. Burke.

“ II.—J. Connelly.

Chemistry.—S. Kuhnmuensch, G. Heim-  
burger, J. Connelly.

Natural Philosophy.—A. Riester, D.  
Brackman.

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### HONORARY MENTION.

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For good conduct during December: W.  
Hørdeman, T. Reitz, I. Zircher, E. Ley,  
T. Brackmann, T. Travers, H. Fehrenbach,  
J. Connelly, D. Brackmann, C. Crusey, V.  
Krull, A. Riester, A. Missler, G. Aug, R.  
Theis, J. Reifers, L. Linz, V. Schuette, E.  
Schneider, E. Fetter, E. Vogel, I. Rapp, E.  
Mungovan, S. Kuhnmuensch, F. Koch, F.  
Kuenle, E. Walter, F. Seroczynski. A.  
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